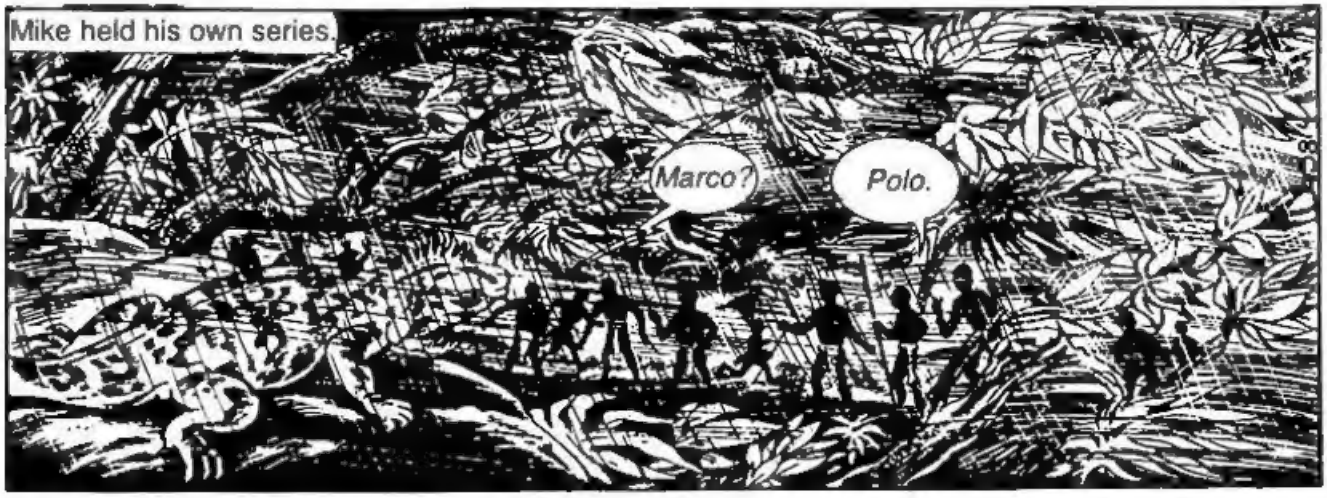
MIKE
Plex Romer.



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Right.
Is that him?
The man alone with the costume on?
Over there. On the edge.
On the edge *there?* The man right in front?
Yeah. That guy. That's *Mike?* Really?
*What!?* You're not a *Lou!* You're a *Sam!*
*Hey, Mikey! Hey!* I see you are busy in the rain but... Maybe the rum. A *Sam* got in with the *Lous!*
...
I AM A DECENT MAN!
Mikey, I will run a bath for you. You have become too tense.

Deb's friends will leave soon.
Wake up, Manny. They're *never* gonna leave. See?
There's gonna be a whole lot more standing about in the rain. Need a *tent*.
Don't go back to the tent, Mike. You need a real bed. *Hmn? You* wake up.
Do you remember... God. Why bother even remembering... Manny...
She's trying to rat me out of my own hole. *Our* hole... Bingo! Manny, round up the Sams. We're gonna dig.
*Dig?*
*Dig.* Dig? Tunnels. Deb won't set a fucking foot underground. We'll start over.
We bend when the wind blows...
And there ain't no wind underground, Manny. Ain't no rain either. And there ain't no *god damn* tennis friends.
Mark it in the calendar, Manny. We're *done* here. I'm gonna kiss the sun goodbye.
Five *Sams* to a *Lou*. I'm strapped. I'll owe you.
...*Kiss the sun?*
Fin.